

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

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PATIENCE.

THIS quiet, gentle, unpretending virtue is too little thought of; but without it there is no successful teaching, there is no true learning. The teacher and the pupil must be both patient. The great Newton says—"Whatever I have done is due to *patient* thought." "Patient thought"—how much may be learned by patient thought, and how much may be taught by patient love.

Patience is calmness, is the opposite of haste; it is to the virtues what time is to music—there can be no true harmony in our hearts, in our actions, without patience. Without patience we are not ourselves. Jesus says to his disciples, when he warns them of the trials and persecutions that they will meet with—"In your patience possess ye your souls." Patience leads to endurance, it is the soul of perseverance. Nothing truly great can be accomplished without it. Most especially is this virtue essential to him or her who teaches others. Patient love

in the teacher, patient thought in the learner—these are equally necessary. Newton was a true learner, and God's glorious world was his silent, but eloquent teacher. In this great school in which we are all placed, and in which the oldest and the youngest are equally children, with what patient love are we instructed in our duty. How are our offences forgiven us, how often and how tenderly are the same admonitions, the same lessons of wisdom, repeated to us; how at one time are we gently rebuked, then severely chastised for our faults, and yet in spite of our demerits, how constantly are we blessed, how continually constrained as it were to our duty by unmeasured and undeserved benefits. Patient love then is the great lesson to teachers which the whole providence of God is ever repeating to them.

Let us look at the life of the Great Teacher. It was one continued lesson of patience. From the beginning to the end of his ministry we hear him repeating over and over again to his disciples, the same great truths, and apparently in vain: he was ever obstructed by the same ignorance, opposed by the same prejudices, the same selfishness, yet he never lost his patience, but still calmly and serenely and lovingly called upon all men to hear and believe his words. He sowed the seeds of immortal truth in faith, and he waited for the fruit in patient love. Jesus gave "line upon line and precept upon precept"; he assembled around him a little band of friends whom he especially instructed, and who had the fairest opportunity of understanding the purposes and entering into the spirit of his mission, yet they did not comprehend him. But his patience with them never failed. One denied him, many forsook him, another gave him up to be

murdered; but his patient love was greater than their ingratitude. He washed the feet of him who he knew was to betray him; he only looked with reproving love at Peter. Patience, then, undying patience, is taught us in the whole life of Jesus.

Be patient, then, is the lesson for all, but most peculiarly for those who have taken upon themselves the great work of instruction. Wait patiently and you may yet see the reward of your efforts; but if you do not yourself see it, what matter is it if a good work is done? Who is there that has arrived at maturity who does not remember when he was a child some little word, some simple deed of love that sank down into his heart of hearts, and took root there, and became a living principle, bearing fair flowers and good fruits, yet perhaps the earnest heart that did this good work for him, never knew that its efforts were not in vain, and the voice that uttered those deathless words is now a forgotten sound. Remember you work not for the present, you labor in the early spring time of the lives of your pupils; in some few of their minds perhaps some sweet early blossoms may suddenly start up, but the richest and most precious flowers and fruits come not so soon; the early and the latter rain must nourish them, and mayhap cold winds must assail them, and rude tempests prove them, ere they will perfectly ripen, and it may be, that you will never know how hardy they are till you see them blessing the autumn and winter of life. Work then, and faint not, wait in patience. Do all you can, speak out of your full heart all the great truths that life and the works and word of God have taught you, to the children under your care, and then be as patient with them as God has been with you.

Be as patient as Jesus was with his disciples. No good thing is ever lost, no true word is ever spoken in vain. Speak the true thought that is in you, do the work your hands find to do, but look not to see with your own eyes, or reap with your own hands the fruit of your labor.

We have spoken a few words of the importance of patient love in the teacher; another time we will speak of the duty of patient thought in the learner.

E. L. F.

ALBERT DURER.

THE following slight sketch of the life of the celebrated painter Albert Durer, is abridged and translated from Madame Schopenhauer's *Lives of the Flemish Painters*. We do not offer it to our young friends as containing any thing wonderfully strange or interesting, though we hope that some of them are sufficiently familiar with the great names of the reformation, to read with pleasure the references here made to them, and to observe the high estimation in which Luther, Erasmus and Melancthon were held by their contemporaries. The dates too here recorded—Anno 1494, 1526, '28, &c., are of themselves interesting to the thoughtful mind; do not our young readers wish to know what people did and said, more than three hundred years ago? We trust that they will admire the tribute of affection rendered by Albert Durer to the modest worth and humble piety of his excellent father;

they will see that true goodness, in its leading features, is at all times the same, and that its opposite produces in every age similar effects. The evil dispositions which embittered and shortened the life of Albert Durer, form at this day the bane and misery of almost every unhappy home. Let our young female readers especially, beware of the first beginnings of a selfish, fretful spirit, if they would escape the doom of Albert Durer's wife, who probably never once thought, when indulging her uncomfortable humor, that she should be handed down to the scorn and contempt of future generations, ages after the poor victim of her peevishness had found rest in the silent grave.

Madam Schopenhauer thus commences her narrative. "A fortunate accident put me in possession of some most interesting notices concerning the parents and the early life of this distinguished and noble master, written by his own hand ; and I am the more happy to be able to begin these pages, dedicated to his memory, with his own words, since in their touching, true-hearted simplicity, he stands, as it were, living before us, devout and good, simple, obedient to God and industrious, such as he was and continued to be until his end.

"I Albert Durer, Junior, have collected out of my father's writings from whence he sprung, how he came hither (to the city of Nurenburg) and lived and died happily. May God be gracious to him and us, Amen!"

Then follows a long catalogue taken from the family register, of the names, birth-days, and principal events in the lives of the ancient Durers ; and then again the names, god-parents, and birth days of his fifteen brothers and sisters, recorded by his father. At the conclusion of this long list he again resumes the pen.

“Now these were the names of my brothers and sisters, the children of my dear father, all of whom died, some in youth, others when grown up, save three of us who still survive, to remain as long as God shall please, namely, I and my brother Andrew, also my brother who is named Hanns, children of my father.

“Moreover this same Albert Durer the elder, passed his life under great hardships, and in heavy toilsome labor, with no other means of support for his wife and children than what he could procure with his own hands; hence he possessed but little. Also he experienced manifold sorrow, opposition and contradiction. He obtained however a good name from every one who knew him, for he led an honorable Christian life; he was a patient, gentle man, peaceable towards every one and ever grateful towards God. He had no great experience of worldly joy; he was a person of few words, kept little company, and was a God-fearing man.

“This dear father of mine took great pains with his children to bring them up to the glory of God; for it was his highest ambition so thoroughly to discipline his children, that they might be well-pleasing to God and man; hence it was the subject of his daily conversation with us, that we should love God, and conduct with uprightness towards our neighbor; and my father took special delight in me, when he saw that I was industrious in the pursuit of learning. For this reason he permitted me to go to the school, and when I had learned to read and write, he took me away again, and taught me the trade of a goldsmith; but when I could now work neatly, my taste drew me more to painting than to that occupation. This I represented to my father, but he was not pleased, for he re-

gretted the time I had lost in learning the goldsmith's art ; still, he gave way to me, and in the year of the birth of Christ 1486, on St. Andrew's day, he apprenticed me to Michael Wolgmut, to serve him three years. During that time God gave me industry, so that I learned well, though I had to suffer much from Michael's servants. And when I had fulfilled my service, my father sent me away, and I remained abroad four years, until he again called me back. And when I had returned home, Hanns Frey entered into a treaty with my father, and gave me his daughter, by name, Agnes, and with her two hundred gilders, and the wedding took place upon a Monday, in the year 1494. Moreover it so happened that my father was then sick with a dysentery, so that no one could put a stop to it. And when he saw death before his eyes, he willingly and with great fortitude submitted to it, recommending my mother to me, and charging both of us to live a godly life."

In this true-hearted, and simple tone, Albert Durer for a while continues his family notices, giving more circumstantial particulars concerning the happy decease of his pious father, mentioning several instances of mortality among his kindred, and at last relating how he received his poor aged mother into his own family, two years after his father's death, and took faithful care of her, especially in her last tedious illness, when she was obliged to keep her bed a whole year, until at length she gently and happily fell asleep.

During the season of his travels after the completion of his apprenticeship, Albert visited most of the celebrated painters then living in Germany and the Netherlands. At the end of four years he returned home, improved in

mind and person, pious, pure, and good as when he departed from his father's house. His probation-picture, which he painted after his return to Nuremberg, as was the custom previous to being admitted to the rank of a master, obtained high applause. The subject was Orpheus assaulted with clubs by the infuriated Bacchantes, and it was an omen, alas! of his own fate. This picture induced the father of his future wife Hanns Frey, to form the plan of marrying him with his daughter, as an artist of much promise. The ill-humor, covetousness and quarrelsome disposition of this woman, embittered Albert Durer's whole life, and occasioned at last his premature death.

In his intercourse with his friends and acquaintances, Albert was one of the most amiable of men; even to this day, all hearts are won by the noble devout countenance exhibited in his portrait, shaded with long, light, softly curling hair, and representing the mildness and purity of the soul which once animated those features. He was the pride of his native city; all the inhabitants from the highest to the lowest, loved him. The most gifted men of his time sought his acquaintance and loved to be near him; even kings and emperors distinguished him. Once, in the presence of the emperor Maximilian, as he was attempting to draw something on a wall, the ladder upon which he stood tottered, and the emperor ordered one of his noblemen who was standing near, to hold it. The other however retreated a little, and beckoned to a servant at a distance to perform in his stead, the service which he considered as beneath his dignity. The emperor perceiving it, instantly called the nobleman to account, and when he alleged some excuses pertaining to

his rank, the emperor was still more wrathful, and exclaimed, "Albert is of more consequence than any nobleman, because of the excellence of his art; for I could easily make a nobleman out of any peasant, but I could not make an artist out of any nobleman." Also at the same time he presented Albert with a coat of arms, three silver shields upon a blue field, for himself and his craft.

But the affection of a few friends, who heartily loved him and devoted themselves to his comfort through his heavy domestic trial, under the intolerable wife with whom he was compelled to live in a childless wedlock, was more to Albert, than all the honors which were conferred on him. Of these friends, the chosen one of his heart, united to him till death, was the able and learned counsellor, Bilibald Pirkheimer. He possessed his entire confidence, and helped him out of many difficulties; for with all his industry, there was no superfluity in the house of this completely unselfish master, but care and want were not unfrequent inmates. Through his confidential intimacy with this friend, the attention of Albert Durer was probably first directed to the rising greatness of Luther. Together, they read those writings which put all Germany in commotion; they imparted to one another their observations, and both arrived at those convictions which at length made them converts to the new doctrine. Pirkheimer yielded with the deliberation of a philosopher, who considers a subject on every side before he comes to a decision; but Albert's artistic nature seized with ardent enthusiasm upon what appeared before his unclouded eye in the beaming brightness of truth, without suffering himself again to turn from it.

In the year 1506, Albert Durer undertook a profes-

sional tour to Venice. He was kindly received there by many, and obtained many orders in the line of his art, which he executed with credit. From Venice he proceeded to Bologna, where he was received with great respect, and made himself familiar with the works of the illustrious masters. Fourteen years afterward, he again left his home to visit the great Flemish painters and inspect their works. But upon this journey, his wife and her maid Susannah accompanied him, and all appeared more sad than before, when as a glad youth, full of courage, free from care, and thirsting for knowledge, the world and art smiled on him in the dawn of life's morning.

The greater part of this tour has come down to our times in his journal, which was carefully kept by him, and is pervaded with ingenuous gracefulness and true-hearted simplicity. I will extract some portions of it for my readers.

"Anno 1520. Antwerp. Upon this Sunday, the painters invited me with my wife and maid to their chambers; every thing was ornamented with silver and other costly finery, and the eating was very choice. All their wives too were there, and when I was brought up to the table, the company upon both sides stood up, as if some great lord were coming. Among them were some very distinguished men, all of whom bowed low to me and behaved in the most obliging manner, saying they wished to do all in their power to please me. And when we had enjoyed ourselves a long time, and the night was far advanced, they respectfully escorted us home with torches, and begged me as a favor to accept their services whenever I pleased. So I thanked them and laid down to sleep.

"At Brussels, I saw in the senate-house, the golden room, which contains the four pictures of the great Roger Van Weych. There too I saw the things which have been brought to the king from the new gold country (Mexico)—a sun, all of gold, a whole fathom broad; also a moon, all of silver, the same very large, together with armor of various kinds, harness, implements, and all sorts of curious things useful for men, of the same material, even more beautiful than they were surprising, to behold. In all my life I never saw any thing that so delighted my heart as these things; though I have seen in my time wonderfully ingenious things, and have admired in foreign parts the cunning skill of men.

"At Rotterdam, I gave Erasmus an engraving on copper of the crucifixion, and I also once drew his portrait."

The incident in the next extract is so touching, and takes such hold on the feelings, that it is difficult not to give it entire.

"On the Friday after Pentecost, in the year 1521, the news reached me at Antwerp, that Martin Luther had been taken prisoner. This blessed man, illumined by the Holy Ghost, has been treacherously carried off by ten horsemen; he was a follower of the true Christian faith; whether he is still living, or whether they have murdered him, I do not know, but he is a sufferer on account of Christian truth and for having chastised the unchristian papacy. What weighs on me heavier than all is, that God may perhaps still leave us to the false doctrine of those blind teachers, who follow the men whom they have set up as fathers, whereby in many ways the precious word has been falsely explained or perverted. For this reason, let every one who reads

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Martin Luther observe how clear and transparent is his doctrine, where he interprets the holy Gospel. Therefore are his works to be honored, instead of burnt, while his adversaries, who are ever fighting against the truth, should be cast into the fire with all their dogmas, by which they would make gods out of men. But still, we need to have printed more new books from Luther. O God! If Luther be dead, who shall henceforth explain to us so clearly the holy Gospel? Ah, my God! how much might he have yet written for us in ten or twenty years! Oh! all pious Christian men! help me unceasingly to bewail this God-inspired man, and to beseech God that he may send us another so enlightened. O Erasmus of Rotterdam! where tarriest thou? Hearken, thou champion of Christ! Ride forth by the side of the Lord Jesus, defend the truth, win the martyr's crown; for now thou art an old man. I have heard of thee that thou givest thyself yet two years more, in which to perform something; see thou do it well, for the help of the Gospel and the true Christian faith. O Erasmus, come forth, that God may be glorified in thee, as it stands written of David, for thou hast power to do it, and in very deed thou must smite Goliath."

After thus easing his pious anxious heart, Albert Durer continued his journal in his usual style. How pleasantly he lived, what delight he experienced in every thing good or beautiful which he met with, is more apparent from the whole journal, than from these detached extracts. Like all cheerful natures, he was generous. Wherever he went, he scattered his pictures on every side, with an almost lavish profuseness. Once, he says, "I do a great many things to please people, but with the

least possible remuneration." While his fretful wife kept house snugly at Antwerp, cooking and washing for herself and maid, and buying her wash-tubs, bellows and crockery, seldom accompanying him (it not being the fashion in those days) to entertainments and festivities abroad, he enjoyed a delightful liberty and cheerfulness in making little excursions from the city without her disagreeable company. And the presents of wine, preserves, and costly silks which she received on his account, and which are all carefully registered in his day-book, might well have put her in good humor, though untoward accidents sometimes again discomposed her. Once, for instance, in the market at Antwerp, the pocket in which she carried her money was cut off.

But at home, when their travels were completed, the old domestic troubles returned with such violence, as to gnaw upon Durer's life and gradually destroy his health. In the mean while, one warm beam yet shone upon the darkness of his day, when Melancthon, in the year 1526, visited Nuremburg. Albert Durer had learned to know him from his friend Pirkheimer, and he was dear to him for Luther's sake. They passed together many heart-cheering hours, and in consolatory pious conversation imparted their thoughts to one another with mutual satisfaction.

Two years afterwards, on the 6th April in the year 1528, and in the 56th year of his age, his disenthralled spirit took its flight. Pirkheimer, in one of his letters, gives the following true and touching picture of his last days.

"In Albert I have indeed lost one of the best friends I ever had on earth; and nothing grieves me more than

the cruel occasion of his death which, next to the providence of God, I ascribe entirely to the women of his family, who had gnawed upon his heart and tormented him to that degree that they hastened his departure. For he was all pined away, and had no more courage to try to be cheerful or to go abroad. His perverse wife had even imposed on him a carefulness which poverty had never inflicted. For she cruelly insisted upon his working day and night, solely that he might have more money to leave her when he died. She was always mean, and continues to be so, though Albert has left her an estate of six thousand gilders. But there was no satisfying her, and, in short, she was the sole cause of his death. I have often chided and warned her on account of her suspicious tormenting disposition; I have even foretold to her what the end of it would be, but I received no thanks for my pains. For she would dislike even those who wished well to her husband and came near him; and this it was which most of all troubled Albert, and brought him to his grave. I have never seen her since his death, nor allowed her to come to me, though I have still been helpful to her; but no confidence can be placed in her. Whoever at all opposes her, or does not render up a strict account of every thing, immediately becomes the object of her suspicion and open hostility, so that it is altogether best for me to keep her at a distance.

“It is not that she and her sister are of the abandoned class, on the contrary, I doubt not that they are respectable and exceedingly religious women—but give me one of light character, who is kind-hearted, rather than such gnarly, suspicious, scolding, pious women, with whom one can have no peace night nor day. However, we

must leave the affair to God. He will be gracious and merciful to the pious Albert, who always lived like an honest, religious man, and who died in so blessed and Christian a manner that there can be no fear for his salvation. God grant us grace that in his own time we may happily follow him!" L. O.

THE THREE SONS.

BY REV. J. MOULTRIE.

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and a mind of gentle mould;
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
That my child is wise and grave of heart beyond his childish
years.

I cannot say how this may be; I know his face is fair,
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious air;
I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,
But loveth yet his mother more with grateful fervency.
But that which others most admire is the thought that fills his
mind;

The food for grave, inquiring speech he everywhere doth find.
Strange questions doth he ask of me when we together walk;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk,
Nor cares he much for childish sports—doats not on bat or ball,
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplexed
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the
next.

He kneels at his dear mother's knee; she teaches him to pray,
And strange, and sweet, and solemn then, are the words which
he will say!

Oh! should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years, like
me,

A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be!

And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now!

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three:

I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be!

How silver sweet those tones of his when he prattles on my
knee.

I do not think his bright blue eye is like his brother's keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his hath ever been;
But his little heart is a fountain pure of kind and gentle feeling,
And every look 's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folk who pass us in the
street,

Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks so mild and sweet!

A playfellow he is to all, and yet, with cheerful tone,

Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport alone!

His presence is like sunshine sent down to gladden earth,

To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.

Should he grow up to riper years, God grant that he may prove
As sweet a home for heavenly grace, as now for earthly love.

And if beside his grave the tears our aching eyes must dim,

God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in him!

I have a son, a third sweet son, his age I cannot tell,

For they reckon not by years and months where he has gone to
dwell.

To us for fourteen anxious months his infant smiles were given,

And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live in heaven.

I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth now,

Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow.

The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth
feel,

Are numbered with the secret things which God will not reveal.

But I know, for God has told me this, that he is now at rest,

Where other blessed infants are, on their Savior's loving breast.

Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his bliss can never cease ;
Their lot may here be grief and fear, but his is certain peace.
It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may
 sever,
But if our own poor faith fail not, he must be ours forever.
When we think of what our destiny is, and what we still must
 be ;
When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss, and *this* world's
 misery,
When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and
 pain,
Oh ! we'd rather lose our other two, than have him here again !

THE TWO LITTLE FRIENDS.

I AM going to tell the short but pleasant history of two little children who loved each other very dearly. William and Mary were their names, and they were both about six years old. Though they were not brother and sister, they called each other so, and perhaps loved one another as if they had been. They lived near each other and played together every day, and Willie used to call for Mary to go to school, and when they were in school they loved to sit together and study their lessons. Nothing pleased them so much as to do kind things for each other, and whenever any one promised William a present, he hoped it would be something he could share with Mary, or something she would like to look at, and Mary felt just the same toward him.

One summer evening in haying time these two loving little children walked out together hand in hand, to find

some wild roses. It was about sunset when they went through the open bar-way of a meadow where the men were raking up the half made and sweetly scented hay into cocks. The wild rose bushes grew by the wall of the meadow, and while William and Mary gathered the roses, the song-sparrow sang his sweet tune, and the yellow bird his happy one, and the Baltimore oriole his queer one, and now and then that bird of the summer meadow whose beautiful home in the long grass I hope no careless mower has disturbed—the blithe bobolink as he winged his way through the sky poured his stream of melody so long and varied which makes one involuntarily ask “What more still?” The children did not know the difference between the yellow bird and the song-sparrow, nor between the Baltimore oriole and the bobolink, yet, each was pleasant to their innocent hearts, and oh! how pleasant was the odor of the hay as they went with their roses in their hands. “If we had enough roses,” said Willie, “I would make a wreath for you, Mary; I dreamed last night about a wreath of roses; but they were blue ones, bright blue, like gems.”

“Blue roses? I never heard of such a thing; but what did you dream about them?”

“There are blue roses in the spiritual world, and many other flowers that we do not have here, because I heard mother say one day, that she had no doubt there were, when sister Ellen was talking about botany with me. Oh I will tell you what I dreamed, I dreamed there was a great winding stair-case leading up to the sky, and the top of it could not be seen because it was all wrapped in the bright golden clouds, and I dreamed I was going up the stair-case and you were going up too, a few steps be-

hind me. Then we seemed to be standing up at the top, standing close together, and a wreath of bright blue roses was around us both. I do not mean that there was a wreath round each of us; but one wreath bound us together."

"Oh Willie! I hope the Lord will let us live together in heaven," said Mary.

"I know he will," said Willie.

"I am sure he would if he knew how we love each other," said Mary.

"Why Mary! He knows, for mother says that He makes us love each other. She says that all the love which I feel in my heart for you or any one, comes from Him, and so does all that any one feels for me."

"Yes," said Mary, "He must know, and then He will certainly let us live together, because I will beg so hard."

"I do not think you will have to do that Mary, I do not think He will wish to separate us, I know He is willing that all who love each other should live together in heaven."

"And in this world too, is he not?" asked Mary.

"O yes I suppose so."

"I hope He will let us live near each other all our lives, do not you, Willie?"

"Yes, indeed."

"But oh Willie! what if father and mother should go away to some other town and live? Then"—

"Then I would go too," said Willie, "if they went a thousand miles."

"Why Willie! would you really? but how would you go?"

"Oh I do not know, I would go the quickest way I could."

"Then you would go in the cars, of course, and if

your father and mother were not willing you should go, then I would stay perhaps ; at least till I began to want to see father and mother, and sister Susan, very much indeed."

"Then when we are grown up and can do as we please," said Willie, "we will live in the same house, just as if we were really brother and sister."

"Oh so we will, and will have our fathers and mothers and sisters live with us if they like to, will we not?"

"Yes, and every one else that we love, we will have a great house and invite every one that is good to come and live in it. But Willie, what if one of us should die very soon?"

"Then the Lord would take the other too, I am almost sure, for He loves us more than we love each other."

"Why Willie! do you really think He does?"

"Yes; mother says He does a great deal more."

"But He might have some good reason perhaps, for wishing one to die soon, and the other to live to grow up."

"So He might," said Willie, "but I hope He will not."

"Ah here are the men coming to rake up the hay," said Mary, "we must go to another part of the field, or they may rake us up and pitch us upon the hay rick."

"I wish they would let us stay," said Willie.

"Come," said Mary "let us go and sit down under that apple tree by the wall; now the hay is all raked up, and we can sit upon the clean short grass."

"I would rather lie here and go to sleep," said Willie, "but I suppose they will want to rake up the hay," and he followed Mary, who had run away to the apple tree, and was sitting beneath it. Willie threw himself down upon the grass near, and after he had talked awhile about

what he meant to do when he was grown up he began to hum a little tune, but his voice sounded as if he felt drowsy and it became more and more so, till the sound died away, and Willie went fast asleep.

"Ah!" cried Mary, as she saw that his eyes were closed, "are you going to sleep, Willie? Oh you are asleep now; how red your cheeks are! I mean to go to sleep too."

And she threw herself back upon the grass, and shutting her eyes tried to feel sleepy; but she found that closed eyes would not bring sleep, so she opened them again, and seeing the rosy clouds of summer twilight floating in the blue above her head, "Oh look Willie," she cried, "look up into the sky!" but Willie made no answer, for he was sound asleep. Mary touched him, he sighed heavily, half opened his eyes and then closed them again.

"How sleepy Willie is to-night," said Mary. "Come Willie you must wake up: it is time for us to go home." But Willie did not move or answer.

"I shall run away from you, Willie," said Mary, "I shall go home without you, and carry all your roses away too." And she took all the roses and ran as far as the bar-way which led into the road; there she stopped and looked back; but Willie was not following her; he still lay upon the ground. She called to him; but he did not come; thinking however that he would certainly follow and overtake her before she reached home, Mary went on. Several times on the way she looked back to see if he were coming; but she saw him not, and when she stood on the door-step looking back upon the road she began to wonder if he might not be ill, and to wish she had not left him."

"Has Willie gone home?" asked Mary's mother, as she took the roses to put them into a glass.

"No," said Mary "I left him asleep in the hay-field where we got the roses."

"Why Mary! you should not have left him there, his parents will feel anxious about him, and besides he may take cold; you should have waked him."

"I could not wake him mother, he was so sound asleep, and he will not take cold, for he is very warm; his cheeks are so red! Oh so very red, twice as red as the roses, and mother, he says there are blue roses——"

"But my child, in what part of the field did you leave Willie?"

Mary described the spot as well as she was able, and then began to tell about the blue roses, but her mother said she could not stay to hear, for she must go and send some one to Willie's father's to enquire if he had returned.

Willie had not returned; search was made for him, and he was found about dusk, still asleep under the apple tree. He did not call the next morning for Mary to go to school, neither was he at school that morning, and Mary was told before night that Willie was very ill with the scarlet fever. She asked her mother with tears in her eyes if Willie was sick because she had left him asleep in the field. Her mother told her she hoped not. The fever, she said, was probably coming on before, and that was the cause of his drowsiness. Mary begged that she might go and see him, but this was not permitted, lest she should take the fever. "Oh mother, I want to take it," cried she, "if Willie dies I want to die too; that is just what we were talking about in the field."

"Do you want to leave your father and mother and sister?" asked her mother.

"O no, mother; but do let me go," Mary cried, "for Willie said that if I went away a thousand miles he would go after me, and now he is sick I must go and see him."

"I am very sorry my dear, but I cannot let you go; if you took the fever, then probably Susan would have it, and perhaps all the family."

"Oh mother," cried Mary, sobbing, "only let me go and tell him that I only ran away from him in play."

"I will tell his mother, and she will tell him, that will do quite as well, Mary, will it not?"

"Will you tell her to-day, mother?"

Her mother promised her that she would, and promised also that when he began to get better, and there was no longer any danger of taking the fever, Mary might go and see Willie herself.

But the days passed by, and Willie grew no better, and Mary wept often when she thought about him, for she knew he suffered a great deal, and every night after she had said the Lord's prayer for herself she said it again for him, because she knew he was too ill to be able to say it himself.

In about a week from the day when he was taken ill, Mary was told that Willie was now indeed relieved from all his sufferings, and that the last words he said were, that he hoped Mary would come soon, for he should stand at the gate of his house in heaven, and watch till she did come, and when he saw her coming he would open it for her, and he would put a wreath of roses on her head, and they would live together always.

"Oh Mother," cried Mary when she heard this, "how soon do you think the Lord will let me go and see Willie? Oh dear! Willie is gone to heaven and I have not seen

him since the night I left him alone in the field; oh mother! how I wanted to tell him I was sorry that I took away his roses and ran away from him."

"Perhaps you will tell him, my dear child, when you meet him in heaven."

"Oh so I will! It shall be the first thing I will say to him. How long is it, mother, since I have seen Willie? It never was so long before, was it?"

"It is just a week, dear, I suppose it seems a long while to you; but perhaps you will see Willie sometimes in your dreams, will not that be pleasant?"

"Oh yes; I did see him last night; but mother do tell me how long it will be before I shall see him in heaven, as much as a week longer do you think?"

"I cannot possibly tell you, my child; it is only the Lord who knows when it is the right time for you to be taken to the spiritual world, and when that time comes, He will take you."

"Oh I know it will be soon," said Mary, "for I will pray every night that I may go, and I know the Lord will not want to make us live separate long, because He always has let us be together, and He knows how we love each other."

"But, my Mary, you must not forget your father and mother, and sister Susan, and that they would all love to have you stay with them."

"Oh no no, I do want to be with you and father and Susan; but oh! how I do wish we could all go."

"Perhaps you are not so wholly separated from Willie as it seems; though you do not see him nor hear him speak, yet perhaps his mind is near your mind; it may be that he will be permitted to be your guardian part of the time, and if so, then his spirit will be very near yours,

and will be thinking about you and guarding you from evil thoughts and feelings."

"How? will he drive them all away?"

"Yes if he should be permitted sometimes to be one of your guardian angels, when he has grown older and wiser, which perhaps may be very soon, he will defend you from the evil ones, by putting into your heart the good feelings which he receives from the Lord; and the more you try to keep away the bad feelings as they begin to arrive, rejecting them by not speaking and acting them out, the easier it will be for your guardians to defend you, and it will be pleasant to them to feel that they have a good influence upon you?"

"Will it? Then I will have all good feelings, and no bad ones shall come."

In about a week after Willie died, symptoms of the fever began to appear in Mary; she was taken in the same way that Willie had been, and she had probably taken it from him on the evening when they were together in the hay-field. When Mary discovered that she was ill with the same disorder that took Willie away, she told her mother she thought it very likely Willie had asked the Lord to send it to her, so that she might die and go to meet him at the gate where he was watching for her. During several days she suffered a great deal, and at times her brain was so feverish that she hardly knew where she was; but seemed to be sometimes in one place and sometimes in another, and many strange forms came before her eyes, sometimes beautiful, and sometimes very disagreeable ones, and one day she said she had been walking with Willie, he had been leading her through green fields and by the banks of bright streams, where

the wild roses grew, red ones, and blue ones too, and she and Willie wove wreaths for each others heads. And once an ugly shape seemed to be floating about in the room, and then Willie came and the ugly shape disappeared.

One day just after Mary had come out of a delirium in which she had seen many strange things, and was lying in a very quiet state, she suddenly cried out to her mother who sat by her bed side. "Why mother, there is Willie!"

"What, my child?"

"There is Willie—there, at the door, do you not see him, mother?"

Her mother did not see him, for the eyes of her spirit were not opened.

"Come in, Willie," said Mary, "dear Willie to come from heaven to see me, when I did not go to see you at all when you were sick, but it was because they would not let me. Come Willie dear! come in!" and she reached forth her hand to him; but he was no longer there; or to speak more correctly Mary's spiritual sight was closed and she saw him no longer; although perhaps he was still near her.

"Oh Mother! He came for me, and found I could not go quite yet, and so he has gone. Do you think he will come again? I hope I shall be ready to go with him if he comes again. Oh good Willie! mother, only think, Willie came from heaven to see me, because he loves me so," and Mary's heart was so full that she wept, and her mother laid her head upon the pillow and wept with her. Mary did not suffer many days longer; in about a fortnight from the day when she was taken ill, the heav-

only angels came and took her from the earthly body and led her to heaven where Willie was waiting for her. Though I cannot describe the meeting of the two little friends, we all know how tender it must have been, and surely we may suppose that they were bound together for eternity by a garland of flowers or rather by the delights and uses of mutual love.

A. A. G.

INCIDENT ON BOARD A STEAMBOAT.

It was towards the close of a sunny and somewhat sultry day in August that I took leave of the great city of New York and sailed for Stonington in the steamer Massachusetts. My thoughts which during the day had been absorbed in business matters were now free to enjoy the sail. An easterly wind had sprung up which seemed to give new strength and spirits to all. Large numbers though not a crowd of passengers were on board. Among them were persons of both sexes and of all ages and conditions. There were young gentlemen proudly enjoying a monopoly of the conversation of two or three ladies apiece, or young ladies enlivened by the sail and conscious of their charms promenading the deck trying perhaps what impression they might make. The aged too were there ;—persons whose marked features, and locks (if they had any) or want of them, if they had not, bore record of the many years which had passed over them, and who seemed rejuvenated by the bracing water-bree-

zes, the lively social spectacle immediately around them, or the more distant view of the shipping sailing in every direction upon the waters of the sound. Our boat sailed majestically on meeting and passing sail-craft of all sorts and sizes at almost every moment; and the passengers found entertainment in seeing the navigation upon the waters, and enjoyed a secret feeling of triumph whenever the greater power and speed of our own boat carried us by the coasters and steamers which were sailing in the same direction as ourselves. At length the ringing of a bell and the uncouth accents of a young man announced tea. At once the passengers left the saloon deck,—part descending to the cabin to take tea, others obeying the general impulse and falling in with the general movement passed downward without any particular purpose. Shortly afterwards I went up again to the saloon or promenade deck. Not a person was there and no living thing was visible upon the deck. A few dark clouds were skirting the western hills and the sun was sinking behind them. In different directions I could see the sails of more than forty vessels each moving on in her voyage. Presently I heard an uneasy moaning sound which seemed to be near. I looked around but could see nothing to account for what I had heard. A man now came upon the deck bringing in his hand some food. He opened a large willow work-basket which had been standing unobserved near me, and up sprang a little lively curly-haired white dog whose complaining and beseeching cry I had heard and not understood, and who tried to leap out from his willow prison and run at large upon the deck. He was full of spirit and animation at the prospect of escaping from the narrow limits in which he had been con-

fined. The man offered him the food but the dog took no notice of it but still attempted to get free—to make good his escape. His master, however crowded him back into the basket and placing the food in the basket shut down and fastened down its lid. If the passengers (who had now begun to come upon the deck again) could have peeped through the wicker work of that basket they would probably have seen the little prisoner partaking his repast with great apparent satisfaction, and many of them would probably have thought the little creature fortunate in having so kind a master—one who provided so fine a supper for him,—so much better, indeed than is enjoyed by the greater part of his species who are at large. I had noticed however that it was not till all hope of escape from confinement had passed by that he took any notice whatever of the food. While there was a chance of deliverance he cared nothing for food. This little incident suggested a few reflections to my mind. I considered for a moment the present condition of two or three millions of my countrymen, and the reasoning sometimes employed even in *high places* to justify their being kept in that condition. I felt increased contempt for the flimsy and false views of those who attempt to justify slavery on the ground that the persons held in it are better fed than those of their species who are free. The little incident which I had witnessed seemed to me a fresh illustration that food whatever may be its quality is not and cannot be an equivalent for personal liberty. Place before the slave the chance of attaining his freedom and he will put forth his best efforts to accomplish an end so dear to his heart, and no considerations of mere physical comfort or plea-

sure will divert him from these exertions. But when at length the door of hope in that direction is closed and fastened against him, then, and not till then will he turn his attention to the lesser comforts within his reach and enjoy and make the most of them. The slave ought not, thought I, like this little prisoner before me to be held in bondage against his will. He ought to be free—free as the heaving waves on which we float, free as the breeze from the east which fans and refreshes us and which swells the sails of the scores of vessels on every side, free as the motions of the clouds which sail in the western heavens gorgeously decorating the couch of the setting sun; free as the glowing hearts of the company of passengers enjoying this sail;—free as are my own thoughts from the anxiety which has weighed upon them in the great and busy city from which I have just taken my departure; free as the unbounded mercy which gave him existence.

A. C.

THE SABBATH IS HERE.

FROM KRUMACHER.

THE Sabbath is here, it is sent us from Heaven,
Rest, rest, toilsome life,
Be silent all strife,
Let us stop on our way,
And give thanks, and pray
To Him, who all things has given.

The Sabbath is here, to the fields let us go ;
How fresh and how fair !
In the still morning air,
The bright golden grain
Waves over the plain ;
It is God who doth all this bestow.

The Sabbath is here, on this blessed morn,
No tired ox moans,
No creaking wheel groans,
At rest is the plough,
No noise is heard now,
Save the sound of the rustling corn.

The Sabbath is here, our seed we have sown
In hope, and in faith ;
The Father he saith
Amen ! Be it so !
Behold the corn grow !
Rejoicing his goodness we'll own.

The Sabbath is here, His love we will sing,
Who sendeth the rain,
Upon the young grain.
And soon all around
The sickle will sound,
And home, the bright sheaves we will bring.

The Sabbath is here, in hope and in love,
We sow in the dust,
While humbly we trust
Up yonder shall grow
The seed which we sow,
And bloom a bright garland above.

E. L. F.

PRINCESS ALDERIA ;

OR,

THE FIVE WISHES .

A FAIRY TALE.

THERE was once a queen, who had a daughter born to her, whom she named Alderia. There was a fairy in the queen's territories, who had come with the queen's good subjects to congratulate her upon the birth of her child, and as she brought no gifts, she promised that when the infant was old enough to rule the kingdom, she would grant her the first five wishes, as she ascended the throne.

Alderia was still a child when her mother died, but there were many to remind her of the fairy's promise ; and, while yet a little girl, she often amused herself with thinking what would be her five wishes.

"I wish," said she, when her sixth birth-day had come, "I wish the fairy would grant my wishes now. That would be one wish. I wish she would give me a fairy doll, which would dance and sing and smile, and yet was no larger than a baby's arm—I wish I had a little dog, as small as my toy spaniel, but which could run and bark, and bite my teacher when she chides me. I wish I had a little horse to ride, which was no larger than a rocking horse, but as spirited as a warrior's charger, and gentle as a lamb—and, with him, I would like a gold saddle and bridle adorned with jewels. I wish I had a little fairy garden, filled with fruit trees so small that I could pluck ripe fruits from the branches as I

walked among them every morning, and so perfect that nothing could be more delicious than the dainties I procured from their tiny boughs."

Six more years passed, and Princess Alderia was twelve years of age. "I wish," said she, "that I might be allowed to ascend my throne this day—That is my first wish. I wish that I had a little palace, in a garden of bright flowers which would never wither and die. I wish I had a little lake filled with coral groves and beautiful sea plants, among which the gold and silver fish would dart and swim, and on which the nautilus would spread his tiny sail, giving to its surface life and beauty. I wish I had for this lake a little magic boat, whose sails could always find a breeze, and which no storm could ever overturn—I wish I had a singing bird, whose rich voice could imitate all strains of melody, and which would never weary of indulging me with his sweet harmony."

Six years passed again, and Princess Alderia was of age to ascend her throne and rule her people. It was the eve of her birth-day, and the next morning would witness her coronation, and the fulfilment of the fairy's promise. "I wish," said she to herself in anticipation, "for beauty—I would be the loveliest lady in my realm. I would have all men subdued by my loveliness. I wish for wealth. I would wear more gorgeous jewelry than any queen on earth. I would have my palace one magnificent collection of brilliant gems. I wish, as a lover, for the proud and powerful young king Bertrando, and that he may come tomorrow, and kneel at my feet. I wish for fame—that the knowledge of me and of my kingdom may be as household words in all countries, and

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that in every land, they may envy and admire. I wish for long life ; for all this I would enjoy for many successive years."

To wish all this was to possess it in a few hours, and the princess retired to her chamber, and drank an opiate that she might sleep away the hours which would pass so wearily. But the drug, instead of producing insensibility, aroused her senses to unwonted activity, and every nerve was endowed with new sensibility. She faintly heard and saw what could not be made manifest in her ordinary mood, and she soon became aware that some one was approaching her through the distant air.

There was no sound of breaking glass, or of sashes raised, yet a female came through the casement, and stood before her. The form was enveloped in a mantle, figured with a running pattern of green leaves, upon a groundwork representing scenes in the heart of the earth. There was an indistinctness about the whole which, by arousing curiosity, made the designs very interesting, and Alderia gazed with hope and fear.

"Are you the fairy that is to grant me five wishes?" asked the Princess.

The little figure nodded ; and, opening her mantle, she stretched out her arms towards Alderia. With some misgivings she returned the embrace, when, wrapping the mantle closely about her, Alderia perceived they were passing through the window into the open air. A fragrant vine, which shaded the casement, received them, and formed a bower, or carriage, in which they sailed over woods, fields and cities, until they entered the side of a high mountain. For a few moments the passage was dark :—the magic carriage was left at the entrance,

and the fairy, releasing Alderia, groped along before her, and her mantle sparkled with light, as when bright fireflies illuminate low shrubbery.

At length they emerged into the interior of the mountain. It was one vast expanse of brightness—one radiant collection of earth's richest gems—one grand exhibition of glittering jewelry. There were broad fields of shining emerald, as when the green earth glistens through the hoar-frost. There were forests of crystals, as though the blossoming trees of every clime had been collected in one magnificent grove, and covered with icicles. There were streams of clearest crystal, as though the pellucid waters of many rivers had been frozen at the moment that they were dancing on in brightest wavelets. There were fountains of diamond, as though they had been crystallized at the instant they gushed forth with richest splendor. There were palaces, encrusted with gems, and glittering with fluted pillars of amethyst, of topaz, and sapphire. There were temples of diamond, so clear, so bright, that they looked as if sculptured from water, which now reflected back a dazzling flood of light. There were magnificent halls, whose walls were inlaid with mosaic figures of exceeding beauty. There were even landscapes, represented with such vivid truthfulness that it seemed like looking through a glass, which magnified the lovely scenes of nature, and brought them close to the spectator.

And every hall, grove, temple and grotto was filled with beautiful little beings, with eyes of diamond brightness, lips like rubies, and complexions of such crystal clearness that the tint upon them looked like the flash of sunset upon the smoothest ice.

Alderia was in ecstasies. This was the beauty of

which she had often dreamed, but never hoped to witness. This was her realization of perfect splendor. Oh that she might faintly imitate this magnificence in her own kingdom. Time passed on, but so swiftly that she would not have known that it had fled only as she had enjoyed so many pleasures. They gave her a palace of her own, and she sat each day upon a throne of precious stones, with a radiant crown upon her head, and clad in robes embroidered with gems, and glittering with beauty. Her time was spent in admiring and receiving admiration; but this, which was so intoxicating at first, soon palled upon her senses, and became very wearisome. There was here no friendship, no knowledge, no love, no virtue. Her companions had neither minds nor souls—neither heads nor hearts. How grateful would now seem to her some expression of affection from her old nurse. How she would love to sit once more by her old white-haired tutor, and beg of him to chide her faults, as when she was a little girl. How she would love to hear the humblest of her subjects send forth a glad huzza; and in their awkward way, crowd round her for a smile. She yearned for these pleasures more and more, until her present mode of life appeared intolerable.

She sought the fairy who had brought her hither, and entreated to be allowed to return to her own kingdom. The fairy refused—"But," said Alderia, "you promised to grant me five wishes—I will blend them all into one—the wish to *go home*."

"The time for that has passed," replied the fairy. "The day when your five wishes were to be granted, was passed here in revelry and splendor."

"But what matters it that I wished not then?" replied

the princess angrily ; " your power is still the same : and now," she added more softly, " by the kindness which you felt for my departed mother, that which prompted the promise which has gladdened my thoughts through life, have pity upon me, and let me go hence."

Still the fairy refused to let her depart, and left her with the positive assurance that return was impossible. And when Alderia knew that henceforth her life must be passed in this reservoir of crystal brilliance, its charm had all departed. All its beauties were now, not only insipid, but disgusting. Her heart shut itself up from those about her ; and her thoughts revolted from the prospect of her future life. There was now no beauty in the dazzling halls, and she sought the depths of emerald groves for solitude. But the radiance dawned and sparkled in the bright leaves, as if in mockery at her sadness, and she could nowhere find gloom. All without was unsympathizing, and the brilliance which ever met her eyes fell burning upon her tortured heart.

" I am mortal," said she at length, as though a happy thought had just come to her. " I shall sometime die, and then will be an end of all this misery." She laid herself down upon a glittering couch, and turned her face towards a shining wall, but she closed her eyes that they might not look upon this repulsive beauty ; and then she tried to wait patiently for death.

But, by and by, the brightness, which she wished not to see, came intrusively through her closed eyelids ; and, though she tried not to know it, she became aware of its increasing brilliance. Then came the sounds of stirring music, as though to revive her energies, but she endeavored not to see or hear. She raised her hands to her

eyes, for she would shut out the light, that still would come to her, but the motion broke her slumber and her dream. She was still in her own home and chamber, and the sun was shining upon her, through her unshaded casement. The cup, from which she drank the opiate, was on the floor, and she now knew that she had been mistaken in the drug.

The sounds of music were wafted on the morning breeze, and they were the sounds of the clarion and trumpet, ushering in the day of jubilee. This was her coronation day, and the anniversary of her birth, and this was the morning when would be granted, her five wishes.

"Ah," said she to herself, "how differently I shall wish to-day. My first wish is for beauty—the beauty of a heart which seeks its own happiness in the well-being of others, and whose mild loveliness can irradiate the plainest features, and give them an attraction which will never lessen or decay.

"I wish not for personal wealth, but for the prosperity of my people—that this nation may have the true riches which, if they possess contented hearts, can be secured to them by a mild and equal government.

"I wish not for the love of Bertrando, but for the sincere, fervent, undying friendship of the worthiest young man in my realm.

"I care not for fame, but that my name may live long in the hearts of all my subjects.

"I wish for life, so long as I can be serviceable to my people, for I would have none but tears of genuine sorrow shed upon my tomb.

"Let these then be my five wishes."

H. F.

EXTRACT OF NATURAL HISTORY.

[FROM "GATHERINGS BY YOUNG HANDS."]

BELL FLOWER. CAMPANULA.

BLUE BELL. HARE BELL. C ROTUNDIFOLIA.

ROOT LEAVES, ROUND. STEM LEAVES, LINEAR.
FLOWER, STALKED, DROOPING.

Who does not love "The Pretty Blue Bell," with its little delicate pendant flowers, its graceful stem, and its narrow leaves? We may not perhaps have observed that those leaves which grow near to the root are round, because they soon dry up; but we all know how celebrated is "The Blue Bell of Scotland"; it is our present plant, and grows on all heaths and thickets.

The Hare Bell, bright and blue,
That decks the dingle wild,
In whose cerulean hue,
Heaven's own blest tint we view
In day serene and mild.
How beauteous, like an azure gem,
She droopeth from her graceful stem.

A. STRICKLAND.

"Are we not beautiful? Are not we
The darlings of mountain, and woodland and lea.
Plunge in the forest—are we not fair?
Go to the high-road—we meet you there.
Oh! where is the flower that content may tell,
Like the laughing, the nodding, and dancing Hare Bell."

ROMANCE OF NATURE.

THE DEAF-MUTES.

"NAY, speak to me no more of hope," said Rudolph; "how long have I listened to its deceitful voice in vain! Through four long years, since the appalling fact first became a certainty to me, have I striven to repress the anguish of my feelings, and to use every means which could be suggested to avert so terrible a calamity."

"But may there not be something yet untried; some alleviation, at least, if not a cure?" said the gentle Hannchen, as she patiently sate by the side of her despairing husband.

"No, nothing, nothing!" murmured he in the same mournful tone as before. "Remember, my dear wife, that day on which our eyes were first enchanted by the sight of those twin babes. As they nestled there in their new born loveliness on one pillow, we pressed our cheeks to their little downy heads; or placed our fingers within the grasp of those tiny hands, which seemed like tender opening leaf-buds; felt the light movement of their breath as it touched our faces, and imagined it a blessed air from Heaven, and watched with almost breathless delight beside the quiet slumberers, till the deep blue beneath their opened lids seemed to us a vision of Heaven itself. How did our hearts thrill with gratitude unspeakable to Him who had made to us so precious a gift; while we uttered our fervent resolves, that all the energy of our nature should be consecrated to the holy task of rearing these two innocent babes to a life of virtue and happiness. And then as weeks rolled on, and the first smiles lighted over their beautiful features in answer to our looks of love to them, and their eyes followed our motions, and

their arms were put forth, with infantile eagerness, as if to welcome our caresses, each day served to make them more precious. We felt that we were blessed, and we lived in our babes alone. But, ah! when the first suspicion crossed our minds, with a startling flash, that the inestimable gift of hearing was not theirs! Thou knowest, my Hannchen, how that secret anxiety preyed upon each of us; how, when our hearts were sinking with doubt,—a doubt equally shared, which made our nights sleepless and our days sad,—still neither could whisper to the other that painful surmise, which each read in the other's eye;—and that evening of unutterable woe, when our good neighbor Hans, in the kindness of his intentions, but all too roughly, mentioned it as the common opinion of the hamlet that our Thekla and Karl, our darling babes, were deaf. A veil was torn from our eyes; for then we saw, as in one glance, the thousandfold privations to which those dear lives must be exposed; never could our ears catch delighted the sweet sound of 'Father,' 'Mother,' as it steals in lisping tones from the child's first attempts to speak; never should they"—he could say no more; overcome with the remembrance of that hour of overwhelming anguish, followed as it had been by years of unavailing exertion, the unhappy father hid his face in his hands, and sobbed aloud.

The sun's parting beams were gleaming on spire and hill-top one warm summer eve, as Rudolph and his Hannchen sate near the door of their little cot, in a wild, retired part of Saxony, and talked thus of their joy and sorrow. No peasant's home in that cultivated kingdom had been happier than theirs. Each wrought in the fields and in the house; and the toils of the day, in that fertile region, were lightened by the expectation of mutual en-

joyments in a higher labor when the sun had set ; for it is the boast of Saxony that the minds of her children, as well as the soil of her valleys, have received a higher cultivation than is found in any other part of Europe. But a cloud came over their bright home. With desponding heart, but persevering energy, Rudolph had used every exertion to procure for his little ones the blessed gift of hearing ; living with most rigid economy, and through great personal sacrifices, he had expended almost all their small income in obtaining the best medical advice ; but all in vain ; the disease lay beyond the physician's art, and he uttered to himself again and again that his children must be deaf-mutes.

Still in the mother's heart there was sunshine, if not hope. She knew how her beloved ones must be exposed to untold privations in after years ; she yearned with ineffable longing for the prattle of their childhood, their loving response to her words of maternal affection, and their manifestations of dawning intellect ; still to her husband's bursts of anguish she would gently reply with words of comfort ; reminding him of the dear Father in whose care they were, and by whom not even one sparrow was disregarded ; trying to infuse into his troubled thoughts some degree of that calm trust, which sweetened all her being ; and made her daily life a continual renewal of blessings from the Divine Hand.

As they lingered this evening beneath a sky, lighted by the glory of the setting Sun, their lovely twins frolicked on the green before them ; now hiding from each other in the bushes, now twining and exchanging wreaths of wild flowers, now running neither knew whither, now stopping neither knew why ; rejoicing though silent, and satisfied though unheard.

"See the darlings," said the mother; "how every gesture, every feature expresses delight; watch Thekla's laughing, blue eyes, as they peep over her shoulder to find whether Karl is coming near her hiding-place; and see how the noble boy shakes back his fair locks from his brow, and looks so ingenuous and manly and confident, as if he were born to be her protector. Let us enjoy ourselves, and make them enjoy too, Rudolph, all that is possible to their condition."

"It cannot long be so," replied the sorrowing man, "their enjoyment is now the exuberance of their childish spirits, like that of animals. But even the animals can communicate with each other; the young lamb hears the bleat of its dam; the birds, at this calm hour, answer each other from bush and tree and eaves; even inanimate things seem endowed with voice to reveal their enjoyments; the leaves sing and sigh as the evening breeze steals over them; our majestic Elbe winds not unheard among our meadows; all, all, except my dear children seem able to tell their happiness. And even if they feel not now their bitter lot, who can paint the dreary void their life must be in after years! When the sportiveness of infancy has passed away, then comes the season for the studies of youth; and what a blank must those days be to them! Ah! how I pictured to myself as I bent fondly over the cradle of their earliest days, the bright boy with his satchel over his shoulder, returning at night from school, and, with the darling Thekla filling us with rejoicing at such daily progress in knowledge; and now it is all sealed from them. And when our good pastor shed the water of baptism on those fair foreheads, how deeply did I resolve, that the consecration which had been made before that altar of those two liv-

ing souls to God, should be continued and confirmed by all the religious instruction we could give them ; but, alas ! what can they ever learn of God and of duty ? They can never listen to our words of warning, of reproof, and of encouragement."

"Trust then to that dear God, into whose care thou didst yield them at the baptismal font, my Rudolph. They are excluded, in a great degree, from intercourse with those around them ; but, while the outward ear is dulled to all earthly sounds, how can we know to what degree of acuteness their inward sense may be refined ; what angel voices, sweet as sounded to Judea's shepherds on their night-watch, may make rich melody in their hearts ; refining their thoughts, purifying their affections, and preparing them, better than our instructions could do, for an early heaven ? I never clasp them in my arms but with an emotion of deep reverence ; and when, each night, I press the last kiss on the cheeks of the rosy sleepers, I feel, as I part the clustering locks over their beautiful brows and leave them to their nightly repose, that angel-wings are hovering near their pillow ; and the loving "Good night," which falls unheard from me, may be sounding sweetly to their inmost heart from angel-harps. Let us beckon them home now, and perhaps tomorrow will bring you better thoughts."

And the morning did bring good tidings indeed. A neighbor, whose affairs had led him to Leipsic, heard while there of the schools which had been established for teaching deaf-mutes to speak. He listened with ready ear, for Rudolph and Hannchen were beloved through the hamlet, and the condition of their children excited universal sympathy. He gathered all the information he could, and returned home with the welcome intelligence.

He came not alone to the cottage, for each peasant, as he passed with the good news, desired to share in the joy of the parents ; men with spade or saw, or other implement of labor in the hand, women with gowns tucked under their apron, and eyes brim-full of tears, children shouting the news in every intonation of joy, all entered together to tell of the blessed deliverance which might be effected. The parents listened as stupefied to the annunciation ; while Karl and Thekla hid their faces behind their mother's dress, all unconscious of the interest they excited, but wondering at this unusual assemblage.

The matter was at last explained to the delighted parents, who listened to the recital again and again before they could believe the tale. After the sympathizing crowd had withdrawn, taking their little ones in their arms they shed tears of intensest joy ; and felt that no sacrifice they could make would be worth one moment's consideration, if this blessing could come upon their children. The expense would be great, far greater than their ability to meet by means of labor on their farm. It was finally decided to lease their farm and house to a tenant, that happy home, in which they had enjoyed and suffered so much ; and to seek, during the time necessary for the children's thorough instruction, more profitable labor. By working in the mines of Freiberg, Rudolph would receive more wages than for farm-labor ; to be excluded from the sunlight of the world seemed a trifle, when so cheering a ray of hope had dawned in his heart, making his arm strong and his heart light. Hannchen sought and found service in a household of the city, where the duties were hard, but nearness to her children strengthened her for each day's toil.

The experiment proved successful ; the children learned to talk and to understand the words of others ; and when, after that painful separation, re-united under that humble roof, no home-walls the wide world round resounded with purer expressions of happiness, or were lighted up with happier faces.

H. E. S.

Note.—For an account of the manner of teaching deaf-mutes to speak, see Mr. Mann's admirable report of his visit to the European schools.

THE FIRST UNHAPPINESS.

"I wish, grandpapa, you would tell me something about yourself when you were a little boy, as you promised me you would, when you had the leisure."

"I will very willingly do so, my little son, and let you know of some of the feelings and trials I had when I was about five years old ; younger than you are now. Though it is so long since, I remember them as plainly as if it were but yesterday.

"I was a very happy little boy, I believe, up to this time ; I was full of joy and spirits : but the time came when I was not happy, and well do I remember it, for it was my first unhappiness. It was in the summer season, when every thing about me was joyous and beautiful, when I had the kindest father and mother in the world, and a dear little sister, who was as playful as a kitten. We had a pretty garden, and in it were flowers, and fruit

trees, and there do I remember frolicking about in the walks, playing with little sister, and the dog, and cat, and now and then gathering for my mother a bouquet of flowers : how well do I recollect one day carrying her up a bunch of roses when she was lying upon her bed in her sick room."

"But grandpapa, how came you to be unhappy? did your mother die?"

"No, my mother did not die, nor my father, nor little sister."

"Then perhaps you were ill, and could not go out to play in the garden."

"No, I could go out in the garden to play; but listen patiently and I will tell you. You know we had in this pretty garden some fruit trees. When the fruit was ripe, I was delighted at the taste of it, and my father and mother told me that they should give me as much of it as would be good for me; but, that I must not pick up any to eat without first asking leave of them. This rule I obeyed for some time, but one day when I was playing under a peach tree, a beautiful peach fell to the ground just at my feet, and before I thought much about it I picked it up and ate it, and for some days I ate the fruit without asking. At length I was asked by my mother whether I had eaten any fruit without leave, and I, like a coward, said, No : that dreadful No, was a lie, and was like poison to me. After I had been so wicked as to tell a lie I felt like a different boy. I did not take as much pleasure in sitting on my father's knee, or in telling over to my mother all I had done through the day as I used to do. When I went to bed I would tell her every thing that had happened : but I did not tell her what had hap-

pened to me in that place which no one can look into, my own mind; there was my lie, and I never told her of it; and so I went on for a long time determining I never would tell another lie, but not mustering sufficient courage to confess to her how naughty I had been. I felt all the time as if I was cheating my mother, and this made me discontented and disagreeable, and so I became fretful and cross, and this made my mother and father unhappy, and I was very unhappy myself at times. I hardly knew what was the matter: nothing seemed to go right with me. At last one day when I was walking with my mother, she said something to me, I forget now what it was, but it made me determine that I would say out every thing to her, and though it was more than a year afterwards I told her all that was in my heart, confessed to her about the fruit and some other little things I had done which were not perfectly true actions. After I had told all it seemed as if a bright sun shone within me, and that its beams sent away that dark naughty lie which had so changed me. And now all was beginning to go right with me again; I felt brave and happy and free; now I felt as if I could bear any pain or trouble, for I had got that naughty lie out of me. I then told my mother that as long as I lived with her, never would I hide any naughty thing I had done from her again. And that promise I was able to keep. Never did I deceive her, though it often gave me great pain to tell her of some of my actions which I knew were wrong. Never since that time have I been so mean as to tell a lie. This, my dear son, was my first unhappiness, but my determination at last to tell all to my mother is one reason why you have now such a happy grandpapa."

s. c. c.